THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. JULY, 1905. No. 7.

WHEN FOUND——

ON June 9th, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dickens, the grave in Westminster Abbey was almost entirely hidden by flowers—a remarkable tribute to the affection in which his memory is held. There were several wreaths, and one, which was of ivy leaves and scarlet geraniums, was inscribed: "From the Dickens Fellowship; in loving memory." A beautiful bouquet of lilies had a card attached, on which were the words: "From his grandchild and great-grandchildren, Mrs. E. B. Hawksley and children." During the day the grave was visited by hundreds of people.

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A writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* raises the question whether enough, and more than enough, has not been said about the "degradation" which Dickens suffered at the famous blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs. Sir Charles Dilke, in his recent brief memoir of Lady Dilke, includes a letter to her from Browning, in which these words occur:—

"As for news, I have none. We are all reading the *Life of Dickens* and admiring his sensitiveness at having brushed shoes and trimmed gallipots in his early days, when—did he see with the eyes of certain of his sagest friends—it was the best education imaginable for the like of him. Shall I versify?

> "'In Dickens, sure, philosophy was lacking,
> Since of calamities he counts the crowning,
> That, young, he had too much to do with Blacking,
> Old, he had not enough to do with B——g.' R. B."

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The 8th of the present month is the anniversary of the death of Hablôt Knight Browne, whose pseudonym "Phiz" is as familiar to readers of Dickens as the novelist's own of "Boz." He was a son of William Loder Browne, a descendant from a Norfolk family, and was born on the 12th July, 1815, at Kennington. His first name was that of Colonel Hablôt, who was engaged to marry "Phiz's" sister, but who was killed in a charge of Napoleon's Garde Impériale at Waterloo. The artist received his second name after Admiral Sir John Knight, an old friend of the family. The name of Browne was assumed when the family came over to Norfolk from France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. The original family name was Le Brun. "Phiz" died at Hove, Brighton, and on another page is printed *Punch's* poetical tribute to his memory.

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The portrait of Dickens which forms the frontispiece of the present number is reproduced from a woodcut engraving by W. J. Linton

of the miniature by Miss Margaret Gillies, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1844. The woodcut appeared in *The People's Journal* for February 1st, 1846. A steel engraving by Armytage of the same miniature formed the frontispiece of volume i. of *A New Spirit of the Age*, edited by R. H. Horne, in 1844, with the face turned in the opposite direction. * * *

The article on "The Blue Dragon" of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Mr. C. G. Harper, which appeared in the May number, created great interest amongst subscribers as well as in the Press. On another page will be found two letters on the subject—one from Mr. Robert Allbut, the author of *Rambles in Dickens-Land*, and the other from Mr. Arthur Schomberg, the editor of *Wiltshire Notes and Queries*. In each case another "habitation and a name" are found for the famous inn kept by Mrs. Lupin. * * *

It has been decided to visit Portsmouth on Saturday, July 8th. It is unnecessary to point out that Portsmouth is of special interest to Dickensians from the fact that "Boz" was born in the town. The party will travel by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's excursion, the fare for the day's trip being 4*s*. return, whilst two-day tickets (to return on the Sunday) may be obtained for 5*s*. 6*d*. The trains leave London Bridge at 7.5 a.m., calling at New Cross at 7.10. It will be necessary for Mr. Ley to know definitely by July 3rd how many may be expected. Will those intending to make the journey kindly let him know by that date, and enclose the price of their tickets? * * *

It is probable that the company will visit, in addition to the Dickens Museum, Kingston Church, where Dickens's baptismal register may be seen, Portsmouth parish church, where the Duke of Buckingham's heart is preserved in an altar urn, and where the marriage register of Charles II. may be seen, and the Gun Wharf, where there is a splendid collection of guns and armoury, whilst it is hoped that time will permit of a visit to the Dockyard. On arrival the party will be welcomed by the Mayor of Portsmouth in his parlour at the Town Hall. Tea will be taken at five o'clock at the Speedwell Hotel, and it is hoped many members of the Portsmouth branch will be of the company. Tea will be 1*s*. per head.

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Mr. John Harwood, of the Manchester branch, has just completed an original adaptation of *The Chimes* for public recitation. At a private rehearsal, before several members of the Fellowship and other ladies and gentlemen, the opinion was expressed that this selection will prove one of the finest and most attractive in Mr. Harwood's extensive Dickens repertoire, several going so far, indeed, as to prophesy for it a greater public success than the *Carol* itself, which Mr. Harwood has now been giving for upwards of twenty years.

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Our cover design this month is a reproduction of that of *David Copperfield*, used on the covers of the original issue in monthly parts.

THE HEROES OF DICKENS*

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW

By ARTHUR DOURLIAC

THE heroes of Dickens are in general little enough heroes of romance in the commonly accepted sense, his loves, in particular, often wanting in enchantment, whilst he shows a partiality especially for the weaknesses of the men, women, children, and simple-minded.

The success of the women of Dickens in France is due to the fact that they are more French than English.

Useless in effect to look amongst the numerous sisters of the gentle Dot for the determined ways, the decisive tone, the independent ideas of the young misses who travel the Continent with intrepid steps, holding forth, criticising, flirting, with a freedom entirely masculine.

Not the least *vierge forte*, according to Marcel Prévost, in that long gallery of delightful figures come those of the pretty Dora, "child-wife," "little blossom," well worthy of those pleasant names, and of Little Dorrit, flower of the prison, and not less affecting.

In spite of the national pudding which Ruth Pinch made with her white hands under the admiring gaze of John Westlock, she has nothing of the appearance of an English institution; she is an exquisite creature, entirely devoted to her brother—like the gentle Ada to her husband, little Florence to her father, pretty Nell to her grandfather—and is not to be changed or moved from her devotion. Even the more wise Agnes Wickfield, with her bunch of keys, Esther Summerson, "the busy bee," have hardly more practical sense, that glorious attribute of the Anglo-Saxon race, and neglect their own interest for that of others. Only Bella Wilfer, in the first part of the story, shows herself "selfish, odious" (these are her own expressions, for which she afterwards reproaches herself), but she, as it were, recovers in the second part! What an adorable housewife! What a tender little woman! What a good little mamma!

These three qualities seem to comprise Dickens's ideal: his heroines are not intellectual, they are not versed in literature or art, and not anxious to regain any liberty. Among them not the least womanly claim, not the least anxiety to assert their individuality, a complete surrender of their person, of their thoughts, to their lord and master. They are attached closely to him in spite of his defects, his faults, his vices sometimes, and say with Shakespeare's Adriana—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."

On the other side he has not enough of the satirical, of raillery for those who pretend to a false part—Mrs. Jellyby absorbed in African colonisation and the instruction of the natives of Borrioboola Gha whilst she neglects home, husband, children! Mrs. Pardiggle preaching the gospel to the wretched as one would administer medicine for a stubborn illness! Mrs. Weller, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the one an active

* Translated from *Revue Idéaliste*, May 15th, 1905, by J. W. T. Ley.

member of the Brick Lane Temperance Society, the other a poetess, author of the "Ode to an Expiring Frog," published in the *Ladies' Magazine*, and other not-to-be-forgotten caricatures.

The children—they receive his caresses; nobody has better succeeded in portraying the pathos of childhood: in this he preserves all his natural charm. The farewell of Oliver Twist, on his starting for London, to his little companion in misery; the arrival of David Copperfield at his aunt's house; the will of little Johnny—"a kiss for the boofer lady"; the death of little Paul, and Tiny Tim with his crutch; Charley with her clogs—are all pure jewels of gracefulness, and of sentiment without any affectation.

But where he shows all the magic of his original and moving genius is in the portrayal of the simple and the lowly, for whom his avenging pen did so much: Smike, the drudge at the Yorkshire school; Tom Pinch, the good and blind pupil of the hypocrite Pecksniff; Barnaby, the poor idiot, suffering for his father's crime; the old woman Betty, whose weary pilgrimage ends at the side of the road which passes by the workhouse, the object of her dread; the old man Caleb, who, despite his deep gloom, in the society of his blind daughter simulates happiness; Jenny Wren, the little doll's dressmaker, own sister of our own Daudet's Zizi; Stephen Blackpool, the pathetic figure of the workman, resigned and sweet, taken between the tyranny of patronage and the official tyranny that crushes without mercy; and, above all, the admirable and distressing silhouette of the crossing-sweeper, prototype of all the human miseries, the starving wanderer, homeless and friendless, for whom the order is "move on," and who is "moved on" to the end of his life; ignorant, deprived of knowledge as of bread, but still capable of the rare feeling of gratitude, which causes him to sweep the neglected grave of him who "wos wery good to him." Neither Hugo nor Tolstoy, those masters of pathos, has given us anything more poignant than the death of this wretched outcast of humanity, more to be pitied than Jean Valjean or the Maslone, who has lived in the darkness without a ray of light, and catching but a glimpse of the brightness in death.

One can hardly believe that these sad types, pitiable and attractive, are productions from the same pen that has sketched with such humour the exhilarating humour of the Pickwick Club, of Mr. Bounderby, the Micawber family, the two Misses Pecksniff, the tribe of the Barnacles, the Minister of Circumlocution, and of the many others!—succession of grotesques of fancy of bewildering variety!

Where Dickens excels, also, is in the art of giving life to matter, idealising the most common object, of giving to it a character of importance, showing that everyone is stamped with the same die. Besides the duet of the cricket and the kettle, veritable model of its kind, there is a certain boiler, counsellor-in-ordinary to the landlord of the "Maypole"—"the thimble and nutmeg grater" fetishes of the servant Clemency—Uncle Sol's Little Midshipman, more alive than many persons of flesh and bone—a little wearisome sometimes, without doubt, but that is the case with the most pleasing *leitmotiv* repeated too often, especially in a translation, which always makes the text a little heavy, and the least heavy Anglo-Saxon has not the easy touch

of a Daudet or a Coppée to charm the ear indefinitely with the same air on the same string.

Dickens, Daudet, Coppée! I confess my very great weakness for these three friends of the humble, with their profound tenderness and their ability to communicate emotion. In their works, which I have read and re-read many times, I find so many points of resemblance that I sometimes confound their progeny, and take for brothers David Copperfield, Jack and Amédée Violette, who, in reality, are only cousins.

A CHARLES DICKENS RELIC*

CHARLES DICKENS was loved by the people, and his works have been a joy and a solace to millions. Anything with which the great novelist was associated is justly revered, so it is no wonder that representatives of the *Register* felt they were enjoying a sacred treat when they were asked to inspect an album of photographs which belonged to Mrs. Charles Dickens. Inside the covers of the old-fashioned album were striking figures in history—gigantic men and women. Here were the notabilities who were contemporaneous with and the friends of Charles Dickens. Beneath the portraits were the autographs of those who will be famous right on down through the ages. Below the picture of a grand and vigorous-looking man were the words, "Your most faithful servant, W. M. Thackeray." A characteristic photograph of E. B. Lytton recalled that wonderful series of novels which have delighted so many hearts. Portraits of C. Shirley Brooks and Mark Lemon revived the early days of *Punch*. Another page turned over, and striking likenesses were revealed of John Tenniel and John Leech. A little further on and one exclaimed, "George Cruikshank!" Hans Christian Andersen took one back to the days of his youth and that wonderful world of fairy stories. Alfred Tennyson stood out in bold relief on the very first page. Each photograph sent one's thoughts flying back to the remarkable achievements of famous men of letters, artists, actors, and singers. The other portraits as they occur in the album are of G. Augustus Sala, Henry Compton, Madam Tietjens, Joseph Joachim, Charles Knight, Douglas Jerrold, William Sterndale Bennett, Jules Benedict, Albert Smith, John Parry, E. A. Sothern (the original Lord Dundreary), Kate Bateman, W. C. Macready, David Roberts, R.A., Jenny Lind, M. Meyerbeer, H. B. Stowe, Longfellow, Caroline Norton, Westland Marston, B. W. Procter, Richard I. Lane, Fechter, J. E. Millais, R.A., Thomas Webster, R.A., Adelina Patti, Carlotta Patti, J. R. Planche, Desiree Artot, James Palgrave Simpson, Balfe, Louisa Pyne, Augustus Egg, W. P. Frith, R.A., Wilkie Collins, Henry Brougham Kinglake, W. Harrison Ainsworth, Dudley Costello, and Mrs. Henry Wood. How the late Rev. Charles Clark would have delighted to linger over the portraits of these illustrious kindred spirits! The relic has been placed in the hands of Mr. S. Plint for private sale, and it is to be hoped that such a valuable and interesting treasure will find a resting-place in the Public Library.

* Reprinted from *The Register*, Adelaide, May 3rd, 1905.

THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE

TIME has passed somewhat since the fresh young eyes of David Copperfield looked in upon the solemn owl-like gentlemen in red gowns and black, "seated in old-fashioned dining-room chairs," that formed the cosy, drowsy little family-party of Doctors' Commons. Time has passed somewhat; and, alas to think of it! that snug little party has broken up and dispersed, the final handshakes have been given, and I doubt me greatly if you could find now near unto St. Paul's Church that large, dull room where they held their conclaves, and where "the languid stillness was only broken by the chirping of the fire or by the voice of one of the Doctors droning through whole libraries of evidence." After all, methinks it was a bad, bad business and fell to pieces of its own rottenness. Haply, also, the preternatural gravity of these bigwigs, their very ponderosity and long-faced foolishness, as in the case of the dodo, foredoomed them to extinction. Howbeit, their place knows them no more, and they have passed, leaving no successors among the brisk, hopping creatures of to-day. Pah! "where now are their statutes and their fines, their recognizances, their double vouchers and recoveries?" Time has given a Podsnappian flourish of his right arm and swept them out of existence. His, sirs, is the final argument.

With those dusty bigwigs how much has gone of old manners and stiff cravats and grave old brick houses of lang syne! Yet if Spenlow and Jorkins have vanished, why not Mrs. Crupp? And what abiding virtue is there in the Adelphian landlady that hath preserved her to this later age? Mayhap it is that at times we tire at playing lawyers, but our caves, our shelters have become an enduring custom since Eden's bowers were lost to us—who shall say? The parish beadle has gone, or survives a mere shadow of his former self; the pieman that we remember sends his voice no more up to our window, and the blue-tunic'd charity-boy—where is he? Where is the clerk with his long-drawn sonorous "Amens" concluding and rounding off the parson's prose, and Martha, the bathing-woman, stoutest of her sex, who hath dipt so many young Britons in our Kentish seas? The toll-gate keeper shall no more curb the proud steeds at his white gate, and that honourable post shall no longer offer refuge for the solitude-loving spirit of a misanthrope, nor for the humorous observation of a Sam Weller. All, all are gone; vanished, fled, we know not whither, but our Mrs. Crupp, our native landlady, our Mrs. Quickly, who would by no means tolerate a Falstaff, yet remains amid the rack and disaster to hand down the traditions of her race and to defy all-devouring Time, e'en as she defies all other "spies, intruders, and informers," yea, as of old days Peggotty herself. "Tough, sir, tough!" as the apoplectic Bagstock would remark, and in truth Mrs. Crupp has once again put pitchers on the stairs and given "the enemy" a fall.

Should there be any who are disposed to doubt of this I cannot do more than recommend them to your Gower Street bells or your Bloomsbury knockers, when I can promise any such bold spirits that, like pleased young "Daisy," shall they presently call up half a hundred Mrs. Crupps, "gasping from the depths of the earth," with all her

blushing virtues thick upon her. Whatever may be tried and effected in other directions, Mrs. Crupp at least stands firm and immovable, and will not be "levelled up." Her incorrect diction is classic; it is beyond and above all foolish educational tendencies of the time, and she will take her stand with that impregnable argument that "she is a mother herself," which dumbfounded "Mr. Copperfull" of yore, and which methinks not the stoutest of University Extension lecturers would e'en now dare to gainsay. What, must we all be hide-bound in stiff rules of grammar? Must they wither and fade, our Malaprops and our Crupps, and shall, indeed, a correct and soulless syntax render flat and stale their "infinite variety"? Though it be accounted heresy to me, yet will I here boldly declare that too much learning doth only paralyse and render dull the Crupp-like intellect. Yea, when the Adelphian dame advises skittles as an antidote to love, doth she not, sirs, show a wisdom that "shames the schools," wisdom that e'en an *Encyclopædia Britannica* in fifty volumes folio could not have taught her? The ostrich is a bird of imperfect education, as clearly shown by his efforts to conceal himself by putting his head in the sand, and think you that we should be now tickled with the entertaining picture of Mrs. Crupp hiding her portly form behind doors and leaving inevitably exposed that wide margin of flannel petticoat to the observation of Miss Trotwood, if the good dame had once passed the fifth standard and been instructed in the rules of algebra? Can I picture to myself a landlady of perfect diction and an Empire gown, with no pleasing homeliness of language, no kindly irrelevancies to contrast with my own correct sequence of thought? Far be it! Far be it! Let it come not in our day, but if ever indeed Mrs. Crupp be threatened, then methinks will a noble band of us form in defence of that time-honoured institution, and "A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crupp" defend her whom syntax doth press too hardly.

Mrs. Crupp! Ah, under her beneficent auspices how many succeeding generations of golden youth have taken their first steps in independence, and under her hospitable roof how many young "Daisy" Copperfields have raised high the bachelor teapot with that delightful feeling that the sense of property and the novelty of housekeeping engender! Ah, do we not know it, and those irregular, spasmodic dives into the little cupboard to tell over with business-like fervour the packet of tea, the sugar, the conserves, the bottle of wine, the Cheddar cheese, all, all the necessaries of complete happiness, with uncounted youth! So the boys, sirs, order their stout to be drawn with a good head on it, and, sitting, pledge each other in the foaming liquor, and call this "seeing life"!

Mrs. Crupp must be taken with St. Paul's, with Gower Street, and the squares of Bloomsbury as a bit of London, a little dingy, perhaps, but of an interesting rustiness, like the pleasant sense of the past, albeit a little sad, that is in old bricks. Again we see the old room and the antique prints of vanished Royalties that adorned the walls. Was there not the Iron Duke on his charger, too, on the dark staircase, with a long crack across the glass? For us those days come back with pleasant, sweet remembrance, and for Mrs. Crupp—hath she not also old times to recall? Ah, those "better days" which land-

ladies have seen, and which it is their blessed privilege to bewail to successive lodgers! Were all those ladies in the nankeen gowns born like the poet in a golden age "with golden stars above"? But have done with mockery and this carping spirit: e'en our Mrs. Crupp had youth once, and with youth hope, and with hope dreams. The past looks so fair in the distance, and suffer her to breathe a sigh over her breakfast-things as she sits in her kitchen below stairs and looks out and up through the area railings. Her vision, you see, is somewhat barred and confined, and perhaps was always through an area grating: then thanks and yet thanks for the gleam of imagination that turns the past to glory. Ah, Mrs. Crupp, Mrs. Crupp, *that*, and not the "little brandy," is your true medicine and restorative, that is your real "tincture of cardamum mixed with rhubarb and flavoured with seven drops of the essence of cloves."

ROSE MAYLIE'S HOUSE AT CHERTSEY

By WALTER DEXTER

ONE would imagine it to be a difficult task to locate a Dickens landmark which has hitherto escaped unnoticed, yet one was forcibly called to the writer's mind when lately cycling through the riverside towns and villages of the Thames. We came along the tow-path past Sunbury and so on to Chertsey in company with an excellent little guide-book, *Short Spins Round London* (Gall and Inglis).

Reading the notes under the heading "Objects of Interest," we found the following: "*By following Guildford Street (Chertsey) to the cross-roads, where turn R. and L. at fork along Pyrcroft Road, the house burgled by Bill Sikes and Toby Crockit in 'Oliver Twist,' may be seen. The high buttressed wall on L. is the one this choice pair so adroitly climbed over.*"

We followed the directions thus clearly given, and eventually arrived under just such a wall as one could well imagine poor Oliver to have been hoisted over, and we naturally began to inquire whether by any chance there could be foundation for the statement as made in the above-mentioned guide-book. For journalistic purposes we have searched Dickensland over, and it is strange so important a landmark as this seemingly is should have escaped us. It is true that this part of the river is mentioned principally only in *Oliver Twist*, and is therefore apt to be overlooked by the seeker after "landmarks," but we had previously followed out the course of the "expedition" of Bill Sikes and Oliver Twist—a very interesting one, untouched, strange to say, by that otherwise complete work the *Dickens Country*, as well as by *Rambles in Dickensland*—and had never been able to find out the house of the Maylies at Chertsey. The Dickens directions to the spot are these:—

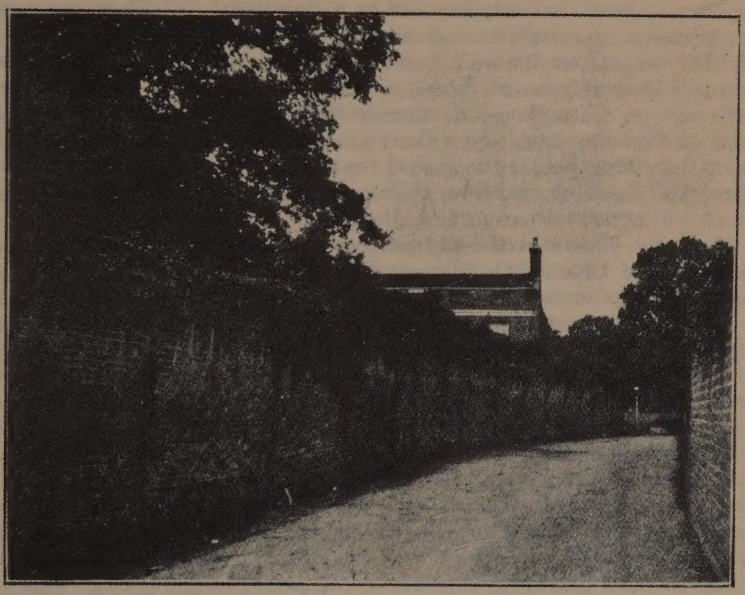
"'*Slap through the town,' whispered Sikes. . . . They hurried through the main street of the little town.*"

"*They turned up a road upon the left hand.*"

This is undoubtedly Guildford Street, although it is hardly "*clear of the town*," as Dickens states.

"*After walking about a quarter of a mile they stopped before a detachea house surrounded by a wall.*"

The house indicated above is such a house at about a quarter of a mile from Guildford Street. Is there any proof in substantiation of the statement that this is the home of Rose Maylie? It seems a very likely spot, and further views on the subject would be interesting.



THE REPUTED HOUSE AT CHERTSEY WHICH BILL SIKES BURGLED
From a copyright photo by Walter Dexter

AN ERRING ARTIST

WE have often had pointed out to us curious and unaccountable errors made by the artists who illustrated Dickens's books. These are evidence of carelessness, perhaps, but a mistake which we have noted on a pictorial post card recently seems to be evidence of something very like ignorance on the part of the artist—A. Ludovici. It is a picture of Bumble refusing more porridge to the workhouse boys! It represents the beadle in the full glory of his uniform, refusing porridge to four wretched-looking urchins, dressed in rags and with feet bare, all of whom are holding out their empty basins. It is unnecessary to point out that Oliver Twist was the only boy who had the courage to ask for more, and it was the master of the workhouse and not the beadle to whom the request was made.

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN DICKENS

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

ADAPTER OF "MR. BOFFIN'S SECRETARY"; "THE GENTLEMAN IN THE NEXT HOUSE"; "MR. PECKSNIFF'S PUPIL," AND OTHER COMEDIES AND SKETCHES

A GREAT French dramatist has recorded his conviction that the only essential elements in a good play are—two characters, a chair, and a situation; a dictum so true that it is not only well worth thinking over by itself, but may be used as a standard by which to measure the dramatic possibilities inherent in those authors who have not decided the matter for us by choosing the dramatic form as the expression of their genius. The author who only gives us "persons," or "chairs," or "situations," is doubly doomed to failure, for nothing short of the complete triad will suffice. We must have persons—real, living, breathing people too!—and the right setting (symbolised by the chair) and a telling situation, before we have even the rough material which will polish into an actable play.

Much has been said and written about the possibility of dramatising the works of Charles Dickens, and in face of the numerous failures and precarious successes of the stage versions given to the public, there is a tendency on the part of the critics to pronounce the task impossible; but devotees of Dickens who are likewise lovers of the drama are loath to accept the verdict, and it is more than likely that valiant attempts at adaptation will continue to be made for generations to come. That being the case, it may perhaps be worth while to examine the dramatic possibilities of our author by the light of the Frenchman's dictum quoted above, and as far as the first requisite goes there can be no hesitation as to the answer. The vast majority of the characters drawn by Dickens have remarkable vitality, and a very large percentage of them, if placed upon the boards, would make the colourless puppets of the average dramatist fade into comparative insignificance—that is, *as far as the actual portraiture is concerned.* Further, he has characters suited to every type of drama. Farcical characters—occasionally bordering on the burlesque—are plentiful in all his books, and notably in those of his early period. The inimitable family of Squeers, Mr. Vincent Crummles and his entire company, Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer, the choleric Dr. Slammer, Mrs. Joe Gargery with her bottle of tar-water, Mrs. Varden, and the devoted Miggs, all belong to this category; and next in order comes a train of "domestic-comedy" characters—the Wilfers, the Boffins, the Pecksniffs, the Dorrits, the Cheeryble brothers, Mrs. Lupin, Peggotty, and a host of others in unending procession. "Eccentric comedy" is almost as lavishly dealt with as either of the foregoing classes, and gives us an infinite variety of types admirably suited to purposes of light relief. Harold Skimpole, Miss La Creevy, Mr. Toots, Betsey Trotwood, Newman Noggs, and the immortal Micawber would all make excellent side characters, and the list might be enormously extended. In pathetic comedy, Tom Pinch stands easily king of the Dickens company, and on realising how few are the figures we can place beside him on this platform we begin to feel the limitations of our author. Mrs. Keeley achieved a striking success as "Smike," Miss Jenny Lee has harrowed her thousands as

"Jo," but it may be questioned how far it is legitimate to employ the gradual development of phthisis as a probe to reach the hearts of one's audience, and there is no doubt that the wonderful realism of the consumptive cough made a very large claim on the sympathy of the spectators in both these cases. Tom Pinch has no need of such adventitious aids; the manly way in which he faces his misfortunes, the quiet heroism with which he hides his heartache lest a suspicion of it should give a moment's pain to others, his sunshiny temperament and the beautiful unselfishness of his daily life, all combine to make him one of the most lovable characters of fiction. It is noteworthy that he was particularly near to Dickens's own heart, so much so that in writing to Robert Keeley about an adaptation of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which the latter was about to present to the public, the author admits that he feels "secure" about Ruth Pinch and "certain" of Mrs. Gamp; "but," he adds characteristically, "a queer sensation begins in my legs, and comes upwards to my forehead, when I think of Tom." It certainly would be harrowing to an author's feeling to see such a part unsympathetically taken; but there are few actors worthy of the name who could so take it, and among some five dozen of Dickens characters placed on the amateur stage by the present writer, Tom Pinch stands easily first in the affections of the audience. Seldom, indeed, has Dickens so successfully held his hand in adding pathetic touches to a character. His own temperament was so exuberantly joyous that the mere absence of joy makes him restless, and face to face with the big sorrows of life he is apt to lose his nerve to such an extent that an hysterical element creeps into his portraiture. The strength of his own emotion blurs the clearness of his perception, and the more he strains and strives in his efforts to make his readers feel the suffering he describes, the more shadowy and unreal do his characters become. "The death of Little Nell," says Mr. Gissing, "is not the dying of a little girl, but the vanishing of a beautiful dream," and less sympathetic critics have described her as "a mere creature of the footlights." As a matter of fact, this is hard upon the footlights, for tested practically by their standard, *Little Nell* has, in the long run, proved a failure. If there is one thing the stage exacts more than another, it is vitality, and that quality is hopelessly lacking in her. Not all the descriptive paragraphs that Dickens contrived in her honour can give her one-half the reality of the little "Marchioness," who steps casually into the story to announce a visitor, and forcibly impresses her individuality on Dick Swiveller and ourselves before she has uttered three sentences. As far as the stage is concerned, the one child is a living, breathing piece of flesh and blood, capable of delighting any audience, and the other is an under-exposed photograph, of which nothing can be seen across the footlights but the elaborately constructed frame.

Passing from pathetic drama to tragedy proper, we find ourselves again compelled to admit the limitations of our author. *A Tale of Two Cities* gives us his one thoroughly successful tragic figure, and the secret of the success is not very far to seek. "I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages," he tells us in his preface, "as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself." And in a letter to Miss Boyle he confesses, "I must say that I like

my Carton, and I have a faint idea sometimes that if I acted him I could do something with his life and death." Such a complete identification of the author with the character created is the surest possible safeguard against that tendency in Dickens which too often allows his pathos to run to seed, and converts what would fain be tragedy into melodrama.

And in this same field of melodrama we get back once more to a wealth of types suited to stage purposes; characters virtuous or vicious, with the labels very clearly marked; personages "poor but honest" or wealthy and arrogant; hardened criminals or suffering saints in abundance, with an ample provision of jovial detectives who put everything right before the curtain falls. Bill Sikes and his victim Nancy—and, indeed, most of the Oliver Twist characters—belong to this company; so does Sir Leicester Dedlock, Bart., and his haughty lady, as also Mr. Tulkinghorn, the family lawyer; Hortense, the French maid; Inspector Bucket, and portly Mrs. Rouncewell with her long-lost son. Other popular melodramatic types circle round the story of *Little Em'ly* and have tempted several theatrical managers to place them on the boards. Uriah Heep, Rosa Dartle, the fatally-fascinating Steerforth and his valet, Little Em'ly herself and her faithful swain, are all familiar types to lovers of melodrama, and it is not very easy to understand why such adaptations should fail. Melodrama we have always with us, and Dickens's melodramatic characters, though far below his own best, are many degrees nearer life than the dastardly dukes and languishing ladyships and virtuous rustics who deceive or defy each other nightly on the boards of our minor theatres. It should be noted also that not only are these individual portraits of almost every type excellently drawn, but they are grouped for us with consummate skill. Their family ties, their bonds of friendship, of love, or of duty appeal to us. We understand the link that binds their hearts together, and realise the intuitive dislike that drives some of them asunder.

So far, good; but what of our Frenchman's second requisite—the setting of the piece, quaintly symbolised by the chair? Once more it is in farce and comedy that our author shines most successfully. As far as these divisions of the drama go he gives us a choice of "chairs"—any amount of them, and of all shapes and sizes. The setting is generally excellent, the "business" suggested—or implied—artistic and natural, and of so free a growth that the pruning-knife is frequently in requisition.

In tragedy, on the other hand, our author is less at home. On the rare occasions on which he attains to it, he manages to let well alone; but too often he just falls short, and the scene is marred by over-elaboration. There is no need of complicated stage directions in tragedy, and to put them in with a lavish hand only cheapens the effect; for the moment a would-be tragic figure puts on frills and furbelows, either in speech or movement, it steps at once into the realm of melodrama, in which region our author walks with a very uncertain step. The "chair" is provided, but it is somehow or other of the wrong pattern, and the characters are apt to scorn it when they most need rest, and to sink down on it when one expects them to be up and doing. Dickens's melodramatic women, especially, faint and weep

and kneel and implore in a jerkily automatic fashion, and their efforts after self-control leave us as coldly unsympathetic as do their emotional outbursts. One of the worst instances of unconvincing "business" is shown by Mlle. Hortense, the French maid in *Bleak House*, who takes off her shoes and wades through wet grass in order to give vent to her feelings of anger and jealousy. This action is so incredible and unnatural in an elegant "Parisienne" that one wonders whether the author really imagined the incident. It seems more probable that he has given us an unsuccessful portrait of some abnormal occurrence in actual life. This is, of course, an "extreme case" of failure, but a similar sense of unreality affects us in reading the scenes between Edith Grainger and Florence, or Lady Dedlock and her daughter, and examples might easily be multiplied.

As regards our French critic's third requisite—the "situation"—it is much more difficult to speak, for the simple reason that comparatively few stage managers, however experienced, can feel any certainty about recognising an effective stage situation from reading alone. Not even successful rehearsal can give a trustworthy verdict; nothing short of a house well filled by a representative and unbiassed audience will tell us whether there is that in a play which can reach the hearts of the spectators. "What is going to happen next?" must be the one absorbing question; and a play is never really successful unless this feeling of interest can be awakened time after time, even when the audience knows the sequence of events beforehand. Had Dickens devoted himself to dramatic writing, he would probably have learnt much concerning this matter along the thorny path of repeated failure, for, as Mr. Gissing truly says, he never had any *command* of situation. Fortunately for himself and others, situation not infrequently had command of him, and once more it is in the realms of farcical and pathetic comedy that we have to look for the really "telling" junctures in his stories. Just when he is thinking least about it, absorbed in some delicious bit of dialogue or characteristic touch of portraiture, the dramatic moment arrives, and author and audience are one in intensity of interest. For example, the attempt to show the gradual development of Bella Wilfer's character through varied experiences in the house of the Boffins, leads up naturally and easily to the excellent scene in which she defies Mr. Boffin, and declares her love for his ill-used secretary; and the casual arrival of Mrs. Nickleby's mad admirer by means of the parlour chimney-piece carries us straightway into the third act of a highly satisfactory farce. Yet the original purpose of our author when introducing the lunatic was probably only to add the high lights to Mrs. Nickleby's portrait, which certainly gained enormously by the arrival of her eccentric suitor upon the scene. It will be noted that both of these situations are placed before the audience almost entirely in dialogue form, and here, perhaps, we may lay our fingers on a kind of rough test which may be applied to a novel by a would-be adapter before selecting the portions of the story to be dramatised. Does a situation require elaborate paragraphs of description before it can be clearly placed before the reader? Then it is probably unsuitable for theatrical representation. Is the point at issue indicated fully by the words of the characters, with but slight aid from the context? The

chances are that it would be a success on the stage. The death of Little Nell is one of the most popular descriptive passages that Dickens ever wrote, but there is nothing in it to dramatise. It is a tribute to the novelist's powers that so many attempts have been made to work the incident into a stage play, but such attempts show little critical acumen on the part of his adapters, and similar blunders in judgment are curiously common. The three characters suggested to me by professional actors as "splendid acting parts" are Jonas Chuzzlewit ("after the murder" especially!), Bradley Headstone, and Bill Sikes. How much would the reader know about these gentlemen minus the descriptions? and what is their dialogue worth? Next to nothing. Not on these lines will satisfactory adaptations ever be achieved, and until stage managers and dramatists realise that a descriptive triumph is miles removed from histrionic success, our English drama will remain unenriched by all the wealth of material—and especially of comedy material—which lies locked up in the novels of Charles Dickens.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

VII

IT is not for thy worldly fame
That thou art dear to me;
It is not for thy lofty name
That I so cherish thee.

Perhaps, ere all thy worth I knew,
Thy glory charm'd my sight;
But what is glory, when the view
Beholds a spirit's light?

Shame on the maxim—hearts unwise
Draw from themselves that lore—
"A hero seen by daily eyes
A hero is no more!"

Thou art but held at higher rate
When nearer understood:
The gaze that sinks the merely great
Exalts the truly good.

I saw thee from afar compel
The crowd with magic art;
Beneath the power that wove the spell
I found the genial heart.

And, when thy inner spirit gave
Its treasure unto me,
Thy proudest heart seemed but a wave
Of that rich boundless sea.

Oh, 'tis a sacred thing to gaze
On springs great minds that feed;
E'en as the sun excels its rays,
The thought outshines the deed.

Yet, when thy hand in friendship's link
I grasp, how warmly run
The currents of my soul—to think
On all that hand has done!

It is no hand of warrior, stain'd
By conquest's crimson touch;
Yet hand of warrior never gain'd
From victory so much.

Down hath it struck from places high
Of Wrongs a giant horde,
And slain old Errors flashingly
As any beaming sword.

'Tis standard to the gallant host
That forward strive: where'er
Men battle most, and struggle most,
That dauntless hand is there,

Fresh banners, with a force unspent,
Of thought it has unfurl'd:
Wielding the pen—God's instrument—
It hath waved on the World!

Then, when that hand to mine its free
Warm welcome doth extend,
I thank kind Heaven who granted me
To grasp it as a friend.

From *The Three Gates.*
By Chauncy Hare Townshend, 1861.

REPRINTS OF DICKENS, SCOTT, AND THACKERAY.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are issuing the complete works of Scott and Thackeray and the non-copyright volumes of Dickens in an excellent pocket edition on India paper. There are seven volumes of each author ready, and all are fully illustrated. Thackeray and Dickens have reproductions from the original illustrations, and the Scott volumes those from the Border Edition. The volumes are published at 2*s.* net in cloth, and 3*s.* net in leather.

Messrs. Nelson also send us a remarkably cheap edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* in pocket form, bound in cloth, at 6*d.* net.

We have also received two specimen copies of Messrs. Nelson and Sons' "Century" Edition of Dickens. The edition consists of fourteen volumes, and may be had in three bindings, namely: cloth, with gilt top, 2*s.*; leather limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*; and leather boards, 3*s.* There is little to be said of this edition, it is so well known.

SOLVING THE "MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"*

By B. W. MATZ

I SUPPOSE no unfinished story of any writer has created so much interest and speculation as Dickens's *Edwin Drood*. There have been two or three "completions" published, two of which were American productions and impudent enough, for one was supposed to be from the "spirit pen" of Dickens, and the other professed to be the joint work of Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens the younger, but so far as those authors' names were concerned was a fraud, as neither wrote a line of it.

Hitherto the most valuable book the story inspired was Richard Proctor's "loving study," published in 1887, in which he set himself to prove that Drood was not murdered, and appeared again on the scene as Datchery. This theory, too, is not only followed in the "completions," but has been more or less the theory of most readers of the half-told story. Recently, too, Mr. Gadd dealt with the subject more from a bibliographical standpoint in the Manchester *Quarterly*.

Now comes Mr. J. Cuming Walters with a really startling new theory altogether in a book he calls *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."* It is a remarkably skilful and studious exposition, and few Dickensians who read it will be inclined to disagree with Mr. Walters's arguments and the conclusion he arrives at.

It would be obviously unfair to Mr. Walters to reveal the secret of his discovery. The whole interest of his book centres in that secret. But we may say at once that he is convinced that Drood is dead, which is one of the three mysteries he sets out to unravel. The second mystery is "Mr. Datchery," and the third "The Opium Woman." The last is not of so much importance as the other two. But the one which will create the most surprise is the mystery of Mr. Datchery. Who he was we must leave Mr. Walters's book to tell; and he leads up to the revelation in such a masterly and convincing manner as to make the reading of it almost as absorbing as a well-told story. He divides his book into eight chapters, the first two dealing with the story itself—the method of telling and its analysis. Then, having shown by the internal evidence of Dickens's story that Drood is really dead, he approaches the most intricate and difficult question of who was Mr. Datchery. "This," he says, "was the surprise Dickens had in store, steadily working up from the first; and it says much for his triumph that either this point has been belittled or entirely overlooked." Mr. Walters does not jump to hasty conclusions. He gives chapter and verse for every argument he advances, traces the sequence of clues he has discovered in the story to the realisation of his chief theory, and so makes out his case with convincing finality. He first proves who Datchery was not, disposing of all the characters but one, and so clears the ground for the remaining solution—the only one which he considers will stand every test and meet every requirement. And the solution is put to the test, and after he has revealed his theory, Mr. Walters substantiates it with

* *Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood,"* by J. Cuming Walters. London: Chapman and Hall. Manchester: John Heywood. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

skill and thoroughness. The book is a fascinating one. It is a scholarly one too, and in places calls to our mind the genius of Edgar Allan Poe in unravelling the strange theme. It is the most important contribution to the subject that so far has been made.

At the beginning of his book Mr. Walters gives extracts from the opinions of well-known writers on *Edwin Drood*. To these we would add his own: "*Edwin Drood* is a torso, and as we contemplate the unfinished masterpiece we are led to realise how cunning was the hand

JOHN JASPER'S GATEWAY

From a drawing by F. G. Kitton

of the craftsman who shaped it, how superb the sovereign intellect that conceived it, and how majestic would have been its proportion had he completed it."

Mr. Walters dedicates his book to "The President, Vice-President and Members of the Dickens Fellowship, England, and the All-around Dickens Club, Boston, U.S.A.," to all of whom the book will appeal with refreshing enthusiasm.

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

July 1.—"The voice of Time cries to man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater happiness, his better life, his progress onward to that goal, within its knowledge and its view, and set there in the period when Time and he began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence have come and gone—millions uncountable have suffered, lived, and died—to point the way before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead, and be the fiercer and the wilder, ever for its momentary check."—*The Chimes*—The Goblin of the Bell.

July 2.—"Trifles make the sum of life."—*David Copperfield.*

July 3.—"Regrets are the natural property of gray hairs."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Martin Chuzzlewit, sen.

July 4.—"Oh, what a bright old song it is, that 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round!' "—*Our Mutual Friend.*

July 5.—"Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power."—*Letter to his son* (Mr. E. B. L. Dickens).

July 6.—"He was simply and staunchly true to his duty, alike in the large case and in the small. So all true souls ever are. So every true soul ever was, ever is, and ever will be. There is nothing little to the really great in spirit."—*Edwin Drood.*

July 7.—"Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine."—*Oliver Twist.*

July 8.—"Try not to associate bodily defeat with mental, except for a solid reason."—*David Copperfield*—Miss Mowcher.

July 9.—"Violent deeds live after men upon the earth, and traces of war and bloodshed will survive in mournful shapes long after those who marked the desolation are but atoms of the earth themselves."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

July 10.—"It is an exquisite thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

July 11.—"People must be amuthed somehow; they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a learning."—*Hard Times*—Mr. Sleary.

July 12.—"It is probable that we know people claiming to be very wise and profound about nations of men who show themselves to be rather weak and shallow about units of babies."—*Speech at London.*

July 13.—"When the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, smoothed, and varnished, according to the mode: when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he takes to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very devil."—*Hard Times.*

July 14.—"One of those public nuisances, a spoiled child."—*Sketches by Boz.*

July 15.—"And this is another spell against which the shedder of blood for ever strives in vain. There are fifty doors by which Discovery may enter. With infinite pains and cunning he double locks and bars forty-nine, and cannot see the fiftieth standing wide open."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

July 16.—"Constancy in love is a good thing, but it means nothing, and is nothing, without constancy in every kind of effort."—*Bleak House*—Mr. Jarndyce.

July 17.—"The dreams of childhood—its airy fables, its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond: so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the strong ways of the world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly wise."—*Hard Times.*

July 18.—"Mere reading and writing is not education."—*Speech at Glasgow.*

July 19.—"The King upon his throne, with his crown upon his 'ead, can't sit and write his Acts of Parliament in print, without having begun when he was a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet. Ah! and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z."—*Great Expectations*—Joe Gargery.

July 20.—"As egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilised man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts, making society hideous."—*The Noble Savage.*

July 21.—"If there must be people vowed to crush the harmless fancies and the love of innocent delights and gaieties, which are a great part of human nature, as much a part of it as any other love or hope that is our common portion, let them stand openly revealed among the ribald and licentious; the very idiots know that *they* are not on the Immortal road, and avoid them."—*American Notes.*

July 22.—"What are we but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses, and rampant animals too! And virtue is the drag. We start from the Mother's Arms and we run to the Dust Shovel."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

July 23.—"It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain) philosopher that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. . . . He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win."—*Somebody's Luggage.*

July 24.—"The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Nicholas.

July 25.—"There is a ruin of youth which is not like old age."—*Bleak House.*

July 26.—"The gout is a complaint as rises from too much ease and comfort. If you're ever attacked with the gout, just you marry a widder as has got a good, loud woice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin."—*Pickwick Papers.*—Mr. Weller, sen.

July 27.—"'But is it really possible to please the world?' says some doubting reader. It is indeed. Nay, it is not only very possible, but very easy. The ways are crooked and sometimes foul and low. What then? A man need but crawl upon his hands and knees, know when to close his eyes, and when his ears, when to stoop, and when to stand upright; and, if by the world is meant that atom of it in which he moves himself, he shall please it, never fear."—*Sketches of Young Couples.*

July 28.—"Whatever one woman says, another woman is determined to clinch, always. There's that spirit of emulation among 'em, sir, that if your wife says to my wife, 'I'm the happiest woman in the world, and mine's the best husband in the world, and I dote on him,' my wife will say the same to yours, or more, and half believe it."—*The Cricket on the Hearth*—Mr. Tackleton.

July 29.—"Good honest words are never thrown away."—*A Message from the Sea*—Captain Jorgan.

July 30.—"It is wonderful how Virtue turns from dirty stockings, and how Vice, married to ribbons and a little gay attire, changes her name, as wedded ladies do, and becomes Romance."—Preface to *Oliver Twist.*

July 31.—"But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is strong-wing'd in the main."—*The Fine Old English Gentleman* (New Version).

ON "BOZ'S" CHAIR

BEQUEATHED TO THE ATHENÆUM CLUB BY SIR W. FRASER

SEE Boz's chair, its faded cane,
In which he wrote and wrote again,
Oft in his châlet at Gadshill:
Does not his spirit fill it still?
There used he ponder, there he sat,
Or stood with lively friend to chat.
The writing clubman lifts his eyes,
And sees the genial figure rise—
Gliding to the empty chair,
And then dissolve into the air!
So day and night, through ev'ry rub,
Bright Boz is member of the club—
Once in the hall, that trysting-place,
Two severed friends met face to face!
A start! while both uncertain stand:
And each has clasped the other's hand!

PERCY FITZGERALD.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

Clues to Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood." By J. Cuming Walters. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Martin Chuzzlewit, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Dombey and Son.* In Macmillan's India Paper Editions. 2*s.* net each, in cloth; 3*s.* net each, in leather.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens's Watering Place" (Broadstairs). *Presbyterian*, May 25th.

"Dickens and the May-pole." Letter in *Loughton Advertiser*, May 27th.

"Charles Dickens Bazaar in Rotherhithe." *Southwark Recorder*, May 27th.

"Dickens's Tribute to the Little Sisters." *Belfast Irish News*, May 29th.

"The Dickens Fellowship." A Talk with Mr. J. W. T. Ley. *The Church Family Newspaper*, June 2nd.

"A Manchester Reciter in America" (Mr. John Duxbury). *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, June 3rd.

"Dickens Letters, Sale of." *Daily Mail*, June 9th.

"Gad's Hill." *The Globe*, June 9th.

"A Great Anniversary (Dickens's)." By J. Dubu Teley. *Household Words*, June 10th.

"The Death of Dickens." His last autograph letter. *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, June 10th.

"Dickensian London." *Notes and Queries*, June 10th.

"The Popularity of Dickens." Leader, Cardiff *South Wales Echo*, June 16th.

"Dickens's Pen Portraits: Tim Linkinwater." *Household Words*, June 17th.

"The Influence of Dickens." Leader, *Manchester Guardian*, and Leader, *Bristol Observer*, June 17th.

"Written in a Library: Dickens and Sunday Observance," by C. W. *Bristol Evening Times*, June 21st.

"Fagin." A Chat with Mr. Tree. *Daily News*, June 23rd.

"*The Dickensian* on Charles Dickens." *Free Lance*, June 24th.

DICKENS AND STREET FIRE-ALARMS

WRITING of Charles Dickens the younger, in his book of anecdotes of literary life *Twenty Years Ago*, Mr. Edmund Downey recalls a talk he had with Mr. Holdsworth, the manager of *All the Year Round*, at its office in Wellington Street. Mr. Holdsworth, who always referred to "Boz" as "the old governor," said—

"I suppose you know that he had a peculiar dread of fire. Coming down the stairs one day, he called out to me . . . 'Holdsworth' . . . where are the keys of the house kept after the place is locked up for the night?' 'The housekeeper takes them upstairs, sir,' said I."

Dickens replied that if the place caught fire, the chances were the housekeeper would run downstairs in a panic, forget all about the keys, and find himself in a trap. Or, if the fire did not arouse him, and if anyone wanted to get upstairs, the door at the bottom would be locked, and valuable time would be lost in breaking it open.

"And what is your idea, sir?" I asked, knowing that some plan had swiftly occurred to him. "Get a brick or two knocked out of the wall," said he, "and the hole can have a glass door and a little gas-jet burning alongside it. This will catch the eye promptly, and if an emergency arises the glass can easily be broken in order to get at the keys." "There is our key-safe, the old governor's idea," said Mr. Holdsworth, pointing to a glazed receptacle in the wall. "I understand it was this which gave the fire brigade the idea of putting alarms in the streets with a glass front, and I believe the plan is adopted in many warehouses now."

"PHIZ"

HABLOT K. BROWNE, Artist. Born, 1815; died, July, 1882

THE Lamp is out that lighted up the text
Of Dickens, Lever—heroes of the pen.
Pickwick and *Lorrequer* we love, but next
We place the man who made us see such men.
What should we know of *Martin Chuzzlewit*,
Stern *Mr. Dombey*, or *Uriah Heep?*
Tom Burke of Ours?—Around our hearths they sit,
Outliving their creators—all asleep!
No sweeter gift e'er fell to man than his
Who gave us troops of friends—delightful Phiz!

He is not dead! There in the picture-book
He lives with men and women that he drew;
We take him with us to the cozy nook
Where old companions we can love anew.
Dear boyhood's friend! We rode with him to hounds;
Lived with dear *Peggotty* in after years;
Missed in old Ireland where fun knew no bounds;
At *Dora's* death we felt poor *David's* tears!
There is no death for such a man—he is
The spirit of an unclosed book! immortal Phiz!

July 22nd, 1882. "PUNCH."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE Hampstead ramble, on Saturday, June 3rd, was a complete success. The weather was delightful, and everything went off splendidly. The party, numbering about fifty, met at East Finchley station at three o'clock, and proceeded by way of Bishop's Avenue to the Earl of Mansfield's estate. His lordship had very kindly granted permission to the party to inspect the lovely grounds, a privilege which was thoroughly appreciated. Thence a move was made to the "Spaniards," immortalised in *Pickwick*. It will be remembered that it was in the grounds attached to this famous house that Mrs. Bardell and her friends were disporting themselves when they were arrested on the instigation of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Of course the "Spaniards" has other historical associations, and it was here that Dick Turpin is said to have slept the night before he started that famous ride to York. In regard to this ride, however, several members of our party were as sceptical as Betsey Prig in regard to the existence of Mrs. Harris.

"Jack Straw's Castle" was the next object of interest. Here, as the late Mr. Kitton points out in his *Dickens Country*, the Dickens traditions are still cherished, a small upper apartment in front being pointed out as the bedroom which he occasionally occupied. This is the house to which he referred in a letter to Forster as "a good 'ouse . . . where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner, and a glass of wine." "Jack Straw's Castle" (which is said to have derived its name from the peasant who was second to Wat Tyler in the historic insurrection during the reign of Richard II.) also has associations with Thackeray, Du Maurier, and Lord Leighton; and Washington Irving also commemorated it in his *Tales of a Traveller*.

It was in a field behind the Castle that the body of the prototype of Mr. Merdle (*Little Dorrit*) was discovered in February, 1856. John Sadleir was a well-known member of Parliament, and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry. After he ceased to be a member of Parliament, he continued to be a great political and financial magnate, was chairman of the London and County Joint Stock Bank, part owner of the Tipperary Bank, and a large railway share owner both in England and on the Continent. Yet all this time he was both a forger and a swindler, and eventually, when he found he could conceal his defalcations no longer, he committed suicide by taking a dose of oil of almonds, and his body was found as stated. He was buried in Highgate Cemetery. It is said that within two months his defalcations had amounted to £1,250,000. Dickens wrote: "I had a general idea of the society business before the Sadleir affair, but I shaped Mr. Merdle himself out of that precious rascality."

Tea was indulged in in the delightful gardens of the "Bull and Bush," where the catering and the attendance were excellent. The party were photographed by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, and after tea a visit was paid to Wylde's Farm, in the cottage attached to which Dickens is said to have written part of *Bleak House*. Copies of the photograph may be had for 1*s.* each, post-free, on application to the Hon. General Secretary at headquarters.

PROPOSED DRAMATIC SOCIETY

It is proposed to start at once a Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club. Such an organisation would be a very interesting and welcome addition to the Fellowship. The idea is only in a state of embryo at present, but the proposals are: To found a club, with an annual subscription of 5*s.*; members to have tickets to that value for performances; to give three performances of plays during the coming winter. There is no doubt that such a club could be made a success, both socially and financially, and Mr. James Chapman, who is well known as an amateur actor, is willing to devote his energies to it. Will those who would care to join such a club kindly communicate with me as soon as possible? If I receive a sufficient number of names a meeting will be called.

YORK BRANCH

A meeting was held on June 20th, at the Merchants' Hall, at which the Rev. F. A. Russell delivered a farewell address. Mr. D. L. Pressly, the President, was in the chair, supported by the Mayor. Mr. Russell, who was the first President of the branch, delivered an excellent and telling address, in which he spoke of the delights to be got from reading Dickens and the influence his writings must always have. The Mayor, Councillor Morley, Mr. Medd, and others also spoke. Mr. Russell is leaving York to take up the duties of pastor to the King's Weigh House Chapel in London. It is hoped he will interest himself in the parent Fellowship.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

The general meeting of this branch was held on May 11th, at 140, High Street, Dr. Graham, the retiring President, in the chair, who in a brief speech introduced Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., as his unanimously elected successor. Miss E. G. Moody, the Hon. Secretary, read her report, which was an interesting résumé of the history of the branch since its commencement; also the balance sheet, which showed a small credit balance after the branch had sent a donation to the Shirley Sheltering Children's Home. It was considered highly satisfactory, being the first year of the branch. Votes of thanks were given to the retiring President and other officers, many of whom were willing to take office again, and were elected, including the Hon. Secretary. The opening meeting of the next session will be on October 16th with a conversazione at the Kell Memorial Hall. The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke has kindly consented to become a patron of the branch.

CHICAGO (U.S.A.) BRANCH

RECENTLY it was announced that authority had been given for the formation of a branch in Chicago. By the last mail information was received that a branch had already been formed. A meeting was held on May 24th at Kimball Hall. Professor George A. Vinton, of the John Marshall Law School, was elected Chairman, and John S. Zimmerman, Treasurer of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, was made Secretary. More than thirty members were enrolled. Mr. Vinton, to whom the branch owes its existence, is well known as a Dickens lecturer and reciter, and impersonator of the great novelist's characters. He writes: "I am delighted to come in touch with Dickens lovers, as I have been one all my life, and heard the great master read. I met his agent, Mr. Dolly, in 1867, in Boston. . . . We have thirty members now, and will have a hundred shortly. . . . I have had three applications from the county towns for information how to form branches—rules, dues, etc. . . . Our branch will be a great success, and will be heard of in charitable work, when we get fairly on our legs. . . . We extend the 'right hand of Fellowship' to all Dickens lovers, and hope to merit your goodwill by our works, not words."

TORONTO (CANADA) BRANCH

THE initial entertainment given by this newly formed branch took place in the Guild Hall on Tuesday evening, May 30th, when a very enthusiastic audience was in attendance to hear Professor John Duxbury recite Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. To say that the recital was a treat is not enough. It was a delight, and between the pathos and the humour of the story there was not a serious face nor an untouched heart in the hall. Professor Duxbury is perfect in his manner and sentiment. The insistent and deliciously funny details of the Christmas dinner in Tiny Tim's home, and the sombre touches which old Scrooge's experience necessitates, were given with equally graphic fidelity. Round after round of applause, a neat little acknowledgment from Professor Duxbury, and a recital by request of a freak poem, which one can scarcely forgive as following so different a theme, concluded the charming evening. Rarely, if ever, has a better pleased lot of Dickens lovers enjoyed a recital of one of the stories that will never die. The proceeds of the recital will begin a fund for the benefit of some object which the heart of the master of human needs would have approved, something to help the children. Dr. Goldwin Smith, Hon. President of the Dickens Fellowship of Toronto, wrote asking to be excused from taking the chair on account of his advanced years, and giving a good word of sympathy and encouragement to the Fellowship. The President (Mr. E. S. Williamson) read the letter, and then himself introduced Professor Duxbury, whose beautifully clear voice and bright delivery held the large audience for nearly two hours.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM BRANCH

THE members of this branch are anxious to give a day's enjoyment to a number of old people during the present summer by taking a party into the country. Last year fifty old folks were entertained in this way, and it is hoped that the same number will be entertained this year. In addition, however, the Committee wishes to assist in providing a day's enjoyment for a number of old people in the neighbourhood of Lant Street, Borough. None of these good objects can be attained without money, and the Committee earnestly appeal for assistance. Mrs. Palmer, 2, Marischal Road, Lee, S.E., will gladly acknowledge contributions.

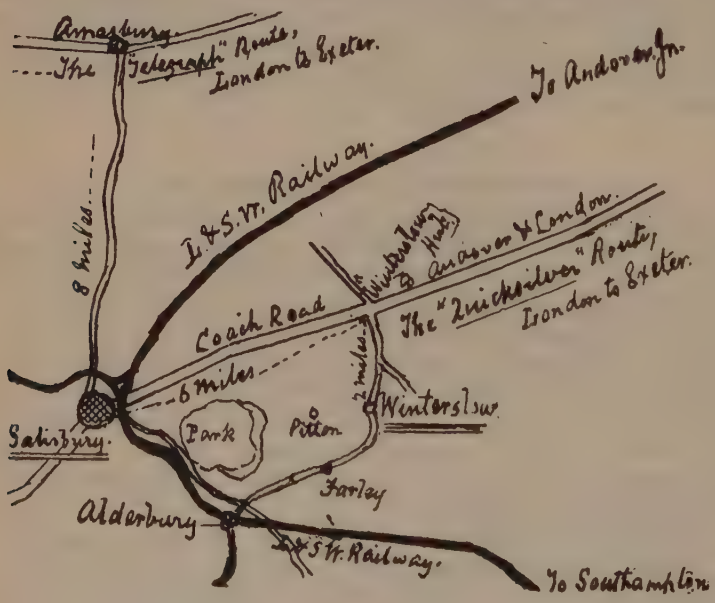
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE "BLUE DRAGON" OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT"

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—It is "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" that I venture a *non possumus* anent Mr. Harper's opinion, as contributed to your May number, page 119.

According to the dictum of Tristram in his *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, the London and Exeter coach, which ran by way of Andover and Salisbury, was the "Quicksilver" (otherwise the Devonport mail), the route *viâ* Amesbury being adopted by the "Telegraph," its famous rival. But when doctors disagree, who shall decide? This, however, by the way.



LOCALITIES AND COACH ROADS, VICINITY OF SALISBURY

It is evident from the definite allusions of the Chuzzlewit story that the former "*fleet conveyance*" is the one exclusively referred to, travelling direct between Salisbury and Andover *viâ* "Winterslow Hut," Middle Wallop, and Little Anne. We are therefore altogether precluded from looking either at Amesbury or Alderbury for the whereabouts of the "Blue Dragon."

The village of Winterslow, a few miles east of Salisbury, is a locality which exactly corresponds with the indications of the tale. It is distant southward from the direct highway—between Salisbury and Andover—"*a couple of miles or so*" (chap. xx.); and, "*at the end of the lane*" (chaps. vi. and viii.), this side-way joins the main road opposite "Winterslow Hut" (once the residence of Hazlitt), about six miles eastward from the cathedral city. At this point, in Martin's time, it was usual for the London coach to stop for the taking up and setting down of passengers. We read of Tom Pinch and John Westlock (chap. ii.)—"*they sallied forth to meet the mail*";

hence, Mr. Pecksniff and his charming daughters took their memorable journey to "Town and Todgers's" (chap. viii.); and here Tom—starting from Salisbury *en route* for London—was met by Mrs. Lupin, at "*the old finger-post*," with his box (chap. xxxvi.).

This finger-post, frequently mentioned in the Chuzzlewit annals, is, like many other Dickensian landmarks, no longer existent. A reference to the vignette illustration by Phiz will show that sixty years since it was in somewhat dilapidated condition, and could then only partially serve its original purpose.

A respectable inn at Middle Winterslow is the "Lion's Head" (*alias* the "Blue Dragon"?), at which it is possible aforetime—in the imagination of the author—that Mrs. Lupin may have held hospitable sway; what time Mark Tapley assisted as general manager, under non-creditable circumstances. There is also an alehouse in East Winterslow—at no great distance—where Anthony and his son may have found accommodation (as at the "Half Moon and Seven Stars") on the occasion of the family conference. All Saints' Church has a good organ; and there are several old-fashioned and commodious houses in the vicinity, at one or other of which the moral Pecksniff may have resided.

It may be interesting to note the contiguity of Clarendon Park, situated between Winterslow and Salisbury, west of Pitton. In the earlier years of the last century this park would be better described as a plantation or wood, and is doubtless the place intended by Dickens, where Montague met his death at the hands of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

With best apologies to all concerned, I am, dear sir,

Faithfully yours in Fellowship,

ROBERT ALLBUT.

BRIXTON, *May 28th*, 1905.

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Harper's article on "The 'Blue Dragon' of *Martin Chuzzlewit*" with great interest, the more so as that subject with other Dickens matter has been lately discussed without much result in *Wiltshire Notes and Queries*, of which I am the unworthy editor.

The late lamented Mr. Kitton, in a letter to me, written not long before his death, seems to have come to the same conclusion as Mr. Harper, that no particular inn or village was meant. No mention in the article is made of another claimant, viz. the "Green Dragon" at Bishop's or West Lavington; this with Amesbury would agree better both in distance and capacity with the description in the book than Alderbury. Personally I think Dickens had no one place in his mind; had he had any one of these three, he would almost certainly have referred to Stonehenge, to the fine monumental effigies in Lavington Church and its old almshouses, and to the ruins of Ivychurch, and the old mantelpiece at Alderbury.

Both at Amesbury and Lavington there are inns of a meaner capacity, such as Jonas and his father put up at. Although Dickens calls the "Dragon" "a village ale-house," we must remember there was ample accommodation in it for some of the Chuzzlewit relations at the same time as old Martin stayed in it.

Has the inn in which Tom Smart wooed and wedded the widow ever been identified?

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find a story with some such name as *The Missing Register*, said to be founded on a Wiltshire incident related to "Boz" when he was at a Beckampton Coursing Meeting, and attributed to him or one of his disciples?

Where can I find any detailed account of his visits to Wiltshire?

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

SEEND, MELKSHAM, *May 28th*, 1905.

DICKENS'S FAT BOY

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

SIR,—The matter having aroused some local notice, I may be permitted to state my version for the interest of my fellow Dickensians.

When lecturing before the Manchester branch recently on "Dickens and his Friends," I exhibited a letter of Gustavus Vaughan Brooke's, which I held as a mortgage for money lent to Charles Peace, the burglar and murderer, who was executed in February, 1879. I had met him very shortly after his shooting P.C. Cox. He came to my school in order to give an elocutionary and whistling entertainment. He produced a book of letters, mainly theatrical, addressed to Richard Cockerill. He told me he had been proprietor of a theatre at Richmond, that he knew Dickens well—in fact, Dickens had appeared on the stage of his theatre; and, further, that he (Richard Cockerill) was the original of the fat boy in *Pickwick*.

Peace called on me again, and it was then I obtained the letter. Of course I do not suppose for a moment there was any truth in his assertion. It was part of his disguise, assisted by the (probably) stolen letters. He was a very entertaining (little, thin) fellow, and I look upon the incident as a curious sidelight of Dickensiana.

Yours fraternally,

E. J. COLLINGS.

PROPOSED ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF SECRETARIES

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

DEAR SIR,—I have waited to see if branch secretaries would take up the proposal for a conference of secretaries. I have had a chat with Mr. Padmore, Hon. Secretary of the Sheffield branch, and suggested to him the following arrangements, with which I think he agrees: That an annual conference be held, at which branches should have one representative for every hundred members, the delegates in every case to include the secretary, the conference to appoint a president, secretary, etc., each year. Regarding place of meeting, I think, with Mr. Ley, London would be the best, on account of cheap trips. The only difficulty is expenses, which I think should be met either by branches or by a special fund raised by the parent society. Personally I should welcome the day when we decided to meet once a year, and adopt ways and means of helping one another and assisting to form new branches.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. DODSWORTH,

Chairman of Committee, Sheffield branch.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

July 5. Durban Pickwick Club: Essay on "Sarah Gamp," by Mr. W. E. Turnbull.

,, 8. Annual dinner of Messrs. L. Thorn and Co., Ltd., of Little Sutton Street, E.C., at Gadshill.

,, 8. Visit of the Fellowship to Portsmouth.

,, 19. Durban Pickwick Club: Pickwickian Ball.

DOCTOR MANETTE'S HOUSE (CARLISLE HOUSE, SOHO)

FROM A DRAWING BY G. K. JONES